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THE INTELLIGENCER.

WHEELING, DECEMBER 9, 1899.

Same Old Cry.

The Democratic party has always been a hypocritical defender of the Constitution. It has sought to screen many evil purposes by attempting to creep under the cloak of its protection. While on the other hand it has been the most persistent violator of the provisions of that instrument. The application of its views with regard to it have ever been illogical and false. It has on conspicuous occasions exhibited its assassin qualities by kicking against everything in the way of progress originating with the Republican party. It looked upon the civil war as unconstitutional; it decried the operations in the Philippines as a war of "criminal aggression," and now some of the influential journals of the Democratic party are walling against the unconstitutional action of the house of representatives in requesting Mr. Roberts to step aside until his case is inquired into. They base their argument on article 1, section 2, which reads:

No person shall be a representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that state in which he shall be chosen.

The claim that Mr. Roberts fulfills all these conditions is good so far as it goes. No one denies that he was not legally elected. But there is something else in the constitution on this subject, and which is pertinent to the case now before Congress. It is found in article 1, section 3, as follows:

Each house shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members.

On this it may be said hangs the fate of Roberts. Mr. Roberts' qualifications to sit in the highest lawmaking body of the land are questionable. He stands to-day as a defunct to the law of the country. He has been tried and convicted as a polygamist. He has not denied that he is now living with three women as his "wives." When Mr. Roberts sought to take his seat in Congress he was not only to represent his state but the Nation, and the Nation through its representatives in the National Congress has the supervisory right to inquire into and pass upon what are the proper qualifications for such representation.

Nebraska Senatorship.

There is a chance for a split in the Fusion ranks in Nebraska over the senatorship. There is a wrong impression abroad about the Democratic triumphs. Colonel Bryan has been achieving in that state. There never has been a Democratic victory there. Whatever success has been attained has been by a fusion of the Populists with the Democrats, and to the Populists more than the Democrats does Bryan owe whatever prestige he has gained by carrying the elections in Nebraska.

The fight for the senatorship made vacant by the death of Senator Hayward is very bitter. Hitchcock, the editor of the Omaha World-Herald, claims the plum is due the Democrats, while the Populists are united on long-winded William V. Allen, who formerly represented that state in the senate.

Governor Poynter, a Populist, who has the appointment, is being hard pressed by both factions. Either way he decides there will be some troubled spirits that will refuse to be consoled.

Disfranchisement in the South.

Some of the southern states have disfranchised the negro, and now we have the spectacle of two men canvassing the state of Alabama for the United States senatorship. Governor Johnston and the present incumbent, who is standing for re-election, Senator Morgan, are declaring for what he is pleased to term "white supremacy," and the other advocating complete disfranchisement. During a recent joint discussion the following remarkable outburst occurred between them:

"I have a word to say to you in honesty, candor and frankness," said Senator Morgan, turning to the negroes in the audience. "I want to tell you that the thing which I think ought to be done is to take the privilege of voting from you. Will Governor Johnston say so?"

"I am for white supremacy," interrupted the governor.

"That's different," rejoined Senator Morgan. "I am for white supremacy, but I am not for the negroes taking the vote away from them."

Governor Johnston had risen from his seat, and the two men were standing side by side.

"I am for the negroes taking the vote away from them," said Governor Johnston.

make this suggestion total by state enactment is going too far. In fact it is in direct opposition to the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution. If the southern states eliminate the colored vote and want to enjoy "the blessings of white supremacy," how would it do for Congress to eliminate the representation of these states in the house of representatives? Let the representation under the next census be made entirely on the basis of the white population in the southern states, as that is the only population that has a voice in the selection of congressmen, and the only class of people which is represented. With a reduced representation in Congress, and a consequent loss of power and influence in the national legislature the southern states might be brought to a realizing sense of the injustice they have inflicted and are inflicting on a race whose rights under the constitution are as sacred as those guaranteed to the white population.

Expansion of Trade.
With the victory in Manila bay by Admiral Dewey came the intimation that we were nearer the doors of China in a commercial way than we had ever been before, and that with the prestige of that unparalleled feat of arms at sea we were in a position to reap some of the advantages of trade with that country that had heretofore been denied us. The administration was quick to see the benefits of the position we established in the Philippines, but from the taking of Manila until the present hour we have heard nothing but the bitter-like cry of "imperialism" from the ill-informed. It is a sorry wall.

The New York Journal of Commerce in rebuking the hesitancy of the Bryanites in accepting the inevitable destiny of affairs in the Far East says: "The fact is that the question of our relation to the future of the Chinese empire has matured more rapidly than even expert observers anticipated. It was as recently as February of last year that one of the best informed men in this country on Chinese affairs, Mr. W. W. Rockwell, completed an elaborate study of the strategic and commercial importance on the Chinese seacoast, and whether our government ought to restrict the output of our manufactures by submitting to disarrangement from a promising foreign market, and added: 'That is a question which may become a burning one in the twentieth century, and therefore men desiring the name of statesmen should foresee its importance and act beforehand.'"

What is of vast importance to the country at this time is the opening up of these Chinese ports to increased trade, and no one industry will receive greater benefits from commercial expansion than the cotton industry. With fairer favors and a broader field resultant from our successful diplomacy in the orient a new stimulus will be given not only to the cotton growers but the cotton factories that are springing up all over the south. In substantiation of these assertions it is only necessary to point to the Chinese customs returns from January 1 to September 30, of this year, which show the imports of plain American cotton goods into China to have been during that period 132,575,000 yards, against 112,450,000 yards for the same period of last year. In the same class of goods the imports from England have been for this year 299,000,000 yards, against 303,000,000 yards in 1898. In other words, the imports of plain cotton goods from the United States into China represent, for the first nine months of this year, 61 per cent of the amount of the English imports of the same class of goods, against only 37 per cent for the corresponding period of last year.

"Even after adding to the imports from England of plain goods those of dyed, colored and printed cottons," says the Journal of Commerce, "and thus raising the total to 355,300,000 yards against 345,500,000 yards for the same term of last year, the American importation is still 50 per cent of that of England against only 23 per cent in 1898. It need hardly be added that only the surface of the trade has yet been scratched."

Crocker's Conversion.

Now that Imperial Crocker, who professes to be an anti-imperialist, issued an article, before sailing away to foreign climes, that all the Tammany congressmen must consort with the Bryan element in Congress, and do whatever they can to advance the Nebraska interests, it becomes a very important question what the sound money and expansion members of the Democratic party will do. Crocker, for a fact, is cordially hated outside of his imperial court in New York City, by the majority of the Democrats of the country. They know that he cares little for the success of the party without the pale of his imperial domain. So long as he can control the patronage of that great hive of corruption, New York City, he does not worry about the appetites of the hungry horde west of Hoboken and the offices they are clamoring for.

The only thing Crocker could accomplish in the recent election in New York state was the pitiful triumph he reaped in the city. His influence in the state proper was nil. In fact large Republican gains were made above Harlem river. At first he was for expansion and bitterly opposed to the Chicago platform. Now he is the opposite, and he does not say wherefor.

On this question the New York Times voices the element that aided in the rebuke in 1896, when it says: "The promotion of W. J. Bryan's nomination or acquiescence in it by New York Democrats is not only a bad moral, but a bad political. The state of New York gave McKinley a plurality of 20,000 over the combined plurality of 20,000 given by the combined Democrats and Fusionists. What do the gentlemen ask? Do they absolutely demand another defeat, to convince them that W. J. Bryan is not to the taste of the voters of this state?"

It would be better for the party organization to stay out of the campaign altogether than to enter it as a supporter of the destructive principles of Bryanism. The Democrats of New York ought to fight against the renomination of Bryan from now until the end of the roll call if they do not fight him. They destroy themselves if they aid or acquiesce in the movement to make him again a candidate.

Mr. Roberts evades the issue. He says that the opposition to his taking his seat in Congress is inspired by a sectarian hate against the Mormon church, which is not true. The charge against him is that he is a polygamist, which he has not specifically denied, and on that alone he is being tried.

National Committeeman Payne, of Wisconsin, claims he has honest assurance

ances from members of the Republican national committee for the adoption of his scheme changing the basis of representation in the Republican national convention. It is a just measure, and we see no reason why it should not receive the ready acquiescence of the committee.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Tip the waiter and he serves you right.
Heart failure covers a multitude of medical ignorance.
If a man has no pets the chances are he has few friends.

The rule of love is usually more effective than the rule of might.
Second thoughts are best unless they happen to be second-hand thoughts.

The weather bureau man is certainly a conspicuous figure in high life.
It is easy to be an optimist so long as the bright side of things is visible.

Hope makes a man believe that something will happen which he knows will not.
Philosophers and pretty women are apt to be enamored of their own reflections.

The man who thinks he knows it all usually marries a woman who can teach him a lot more.
A bad reputation may be acquired in a day, but it usually takes a lifetime to acquire a good one.

An old bachelor says that some women are born foolish, some achieve folly and the rest marry fools.
Never judge an actor's salary by the size of his hat or the program, for he may be the financial backer of the show.

Beware of the man who insists upon giving you his word of honor. From an honest man it is superfluous, and from a rascal it is more than useless.
Chicago Daily News.

HIGH LIGHTS.

Moral suasion is the art of terrifying people by smiling at them.
Men born to command occasionally marry women who were born that way, too.

If a woman goes regularly to church her husband always has a vague idea that he attends, too.
It hampers one to be so bent on reforming the world that the world runs up alleys to escape.

A woman's silk frock is spun by a worm, but if the worm tries to crawl on the woman she breaks.
If Gabriel blows his trumpet at night he will catch a lot of women with their hair done up in crimps.

A clever woman can always give a slow man the impression that he has said a lot of bright things himself.
Every person of sense and character despises folly; but when a man is mad he isn't a man of sense and character.

Men avoid the intellectual woman because they are afraid of her, and intellectual men want to be whole things themselves.—Chicago Record.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

A Doting Parent—Willie—Johnny Smith's mother is awful good to him. Jimmy—What did she do? Let him have the measles the day school opened.

An Extreme Case—"Your wife says you have insomnia, Mr. Hobbs?" "Yes, indeed; I can't even sleep when we have a party in the evening."—Chicago Record.

A Painful Experiment—Rose—Did you ever fail, Isabel? Isabel—Only once; and I bumped my head so hard that I never tried it again.—Indianapolis Journal.

Slow and Safe—"You are too leisurely for this office. I advise you to go into some other business." "What kind of business?" "Well, you might hunt a job to unload dynamite."—Chicago Record.

She (as Alfred bows politely to a person of Jewish appearance)—Whose friend? Alfred—Oh, he's an uncle of mine. She—On your mother's side? Alfred—No; on the east side.—Harlem Life.

"Just think how the history of the world would have changed if Alexander the Great, Caesar, Hannibal, Napoleon and Henry had been of Jewish extraction!" "Yes, indeed; they could have come pretty near whipping anybody who wasn't."—Puck.

Dashaway—Now, if I order any clothes from a tailor, I want to be sure beforehand that you won't dun me. I want it understood. Can you suggest any way to avoid this? Tailor—You might pay me deposit now and the rest when the clothes are delivered.—Detroit Free Press.

The Clerk and the Master.

Through all the day I toil away and try to find when the evening shadows fall I hurry home to rest.

To be sure I find shades from all the worldly care that claims me in the counting-house and bank, and I find them there.

The door that shuts behind me when I divide me from the plots of men and leaves me light of heart.

I hurry past the fading lights to arms that wait for me.

To be sure I find the sweet delights of childhood's ministry.

To feel soft arms around my neck, to hear the fair voice of a child, to know I love so freely give—and humbly thank the Lord.

No steps of marble from my door in graceful flexures wind, but honest peace proceeds me there, and care remains behind.

But be whose word is law unto the men who toil away.

Must worry still when I am through untried, to find the fair voice of a child, to know I love so freely give—and humbly thank the Lord.

The clerk looked at him blankly, and showed the dime back, pushing with it a printed blank slip.

Royal Baking Powder

Imparts Healthfulness to the Food

Royal Baking Powder leavens the food perfectly by its own inherent power without changing or impairing any of the elements of the flour.

Thus the hot-breads, hot-rolls and muffins, and the delicious hot griddle-cakes raised by the Royal Baking Powder are wholesome and digestible, and may be eaten without distress, even by persons of delicate digestion.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SOME REVENUE STAMPS.

A Business Man's Adventures in Getting Them and Some Subsequent Events.

When Mr. Fussymann had finished his breakfast, and was getting ready to go out his wife came to him with a look of annoyance on her face.

"Well, well, my dear! What's the matter now?" he cried. "Cook goes to leave or do you want more money to waste for clothes?"

"No," she said, "I don't either of them. I've got to send a check off right away, and I haven't got a stamped blank to put on it. I want a two-cent internal revenue stamp and I haven't an idea where to get one."

"Why, send out to some of the stores. I see signs all about saying 'Internal Revenue Stamps for Sale Here.'"

"Yes, I know. I've seen the signs, too, and I went out this morning to get a stamp, and at every place I went they said they were just out of them."

"That's the way with a woman. No idea of business, and always gives right up when anybody says 'No.' Go to the office of the internal revenue agent for the district—that's the only place to get them."

"I don't want to go to the office. Never mind, don't bother. I'm going that way myself, and I'll get some stamps for you, and bring them home at lunch."

"Well, I tried, but if you'll get them for me I'll be much obliged."

"I'll try," he said, and pointed straight for the internal revenue office. When he got to the building he found that the office had been moved, and he was in a hurry, and he jumped into a car, and spent five cents to get to the new location. There he found the office, with plenty of men running about, and he went in and asked for a stamp.

"What's that?" said Mr. Fussymann. "I don't want that. I want five two-cent check stamps."

"Fill it out," said the clerk.

Mr. Fussymann took the blank and went to a desk. Then he examined the blank. After he thought he had mastered it he wrote in the description, and numbered it at the clerk again with his dime.

"Foot it up and sign it," said the clerk, showing it back to him.

Mr. Fussymann was in a hurry, and he was getting tired by this time, but he took the blank and studied it again. He wrote in the description, and numbered it at the clerk again with his dime.

"Don't want a reference, do you?" he asked sarcastically, pushing in his dime.

"Take it to the cashier," said the clerk.

Mr. Fussymann was in no humor to indulge in more light repartee, and when he looked at the line of people in front of the cashier's window, which was ever growing larger, he declined to give up his stamp.

He joined the line and in the course of fifteen minutes he got to the window.

"Five two-cent stamps," he said, and he showed the money and blank at the man with the stamps.

That clerk took the blank and dime, dropped the money into a till, stamped something on the blank with a rubber stamp, and handed it back.

stop on his way home, for every time he got hot inside again. It was 8 o'clock when he finally reached home. "Oh," said his wife, "I am so glad you have come. If I don't send that check to-night it will make trouble. Did you get my stamps?" she asked, anxiously.

"Of course I got 'em. Always get everything I go for. Surprised anybody should make such a bother about little things like that. Takes a man to do things. Easiest thing in the world. Just walk right up to the window, hand in your money and there you are."

"All this time he was feeling in his pockets and turning them inside out, but finding no stamps. 'Funny thing where those stamps must have got to. Put 'em right in this pocket soon as I got 'em. He hunted and hunted, but found no stamps. Finally when he had exhausted every pocket in his hunt he began to look blank. Must have pulled 'em out with my handkerchief,' he exclaimed, and then remembering all the worry and bother he had suffered during the day because of those stamps he grew hot again. 'Damn the stamps anyway,' he exclaimed. 'Nobody but a woman would bother a man to get a simple two-cent revenue stamp. If you want a stamp go out and buy it.'—New York Sun.

A Gentleman's Tramp.

Chicago News: "John, there was a tramp here to-day."

"That's nothing new, Maria."

"But this was a gentleman tramp."

"How do you know?"

"Because he said 'I presume' and 'good afternoon' instead of 'good evening.'"

"Boh! Was he after a meal, Maria?"

"No, a shave. A further proof that he was a gentleman."

"A shave? Did he take this for a barber shop?"

"I think not. He merely wished to borrow the price of a shave. He reached his home in San Francisco he would return the dime with a note of thanks. He was indeed a gentleman."

"No," said Maria. "Well, it ought to be marked down in blue."

"Listen! When I looked in my pocketbook I found the milkman had taken my last penny. I was disappointed and so was the poor man. Said he hated to travel beside wealth with scrubby clothes. Who but a gentleman would have thought of that?"

"Wonder you hadn't sent him down to my office."

"No, I did better. I thought of your razor."

"My razor? I hope—"

"And in a minute I had taken it from the shelf and placed it in the poor man's hand."

"Did you?"

"He examined the make, said something about 'hollow ground' and tested the edge on his boot. Then he said—"

"Then he said it was an excellent piece of steel, but needed honing."

"I confessed my ignorance of the word 'honing' and he enlightened me. Said the proper way to hone a razor was to hold the back of the blade against a grinding stone until the friction softened the edge. Then he said there was a grinding stone in the next block and asked permission to take the blade around and put it in order. A gentleman always asks permission, John."

"Yes, I granted the request. To-morrow he'll leave your razor here before taking the train."

"Not a word, John! You will get your razor to-morrow in first-class condition. He must be paying fifty cents to have it 'honed' by a professional honer. I only did what nine women out of ten would have done. Besides, you must remember he was a gentleman tramp."

See what Happens!
Listen to a child's story:
MAY:—"Did you say your prayers last night?"
ALICE:—"Yes."
MAY:—"Well, I did, and I'm not going to say 'em to-night. Not to-morrow night! Not the next night! I'm going to stop now for five nights and if nothing happens to me, then I'm never going to say 'em any more."
This is the way children reason:—
—and some grown-up people, too!
They are all right because "nothing happens!"
Now you probably drink coffee.
How can we make you realize what you are losing in not trying
CHASE & SANBORN'S "High Grade" COFFEE.
Nothing happens to you if you don't use it! So it is hard to get you started.
But something happens if you once try a cup! You find the grocer delivers it in an imported, air-tight, parchment-lined bag. You wonder about this. But when you taste the coffee you get a hint. This coffee is only roasted on order; it is then hermetically sealed as it comes from the roaster; it is packed under the Chase & Sanborn Seal warranted trade-mark, and is guaranteed to be highest quality.
Try it just once.
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SAYS THAT A WET SKIN

GOES BEFORE COLDS—

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